

**The Page**



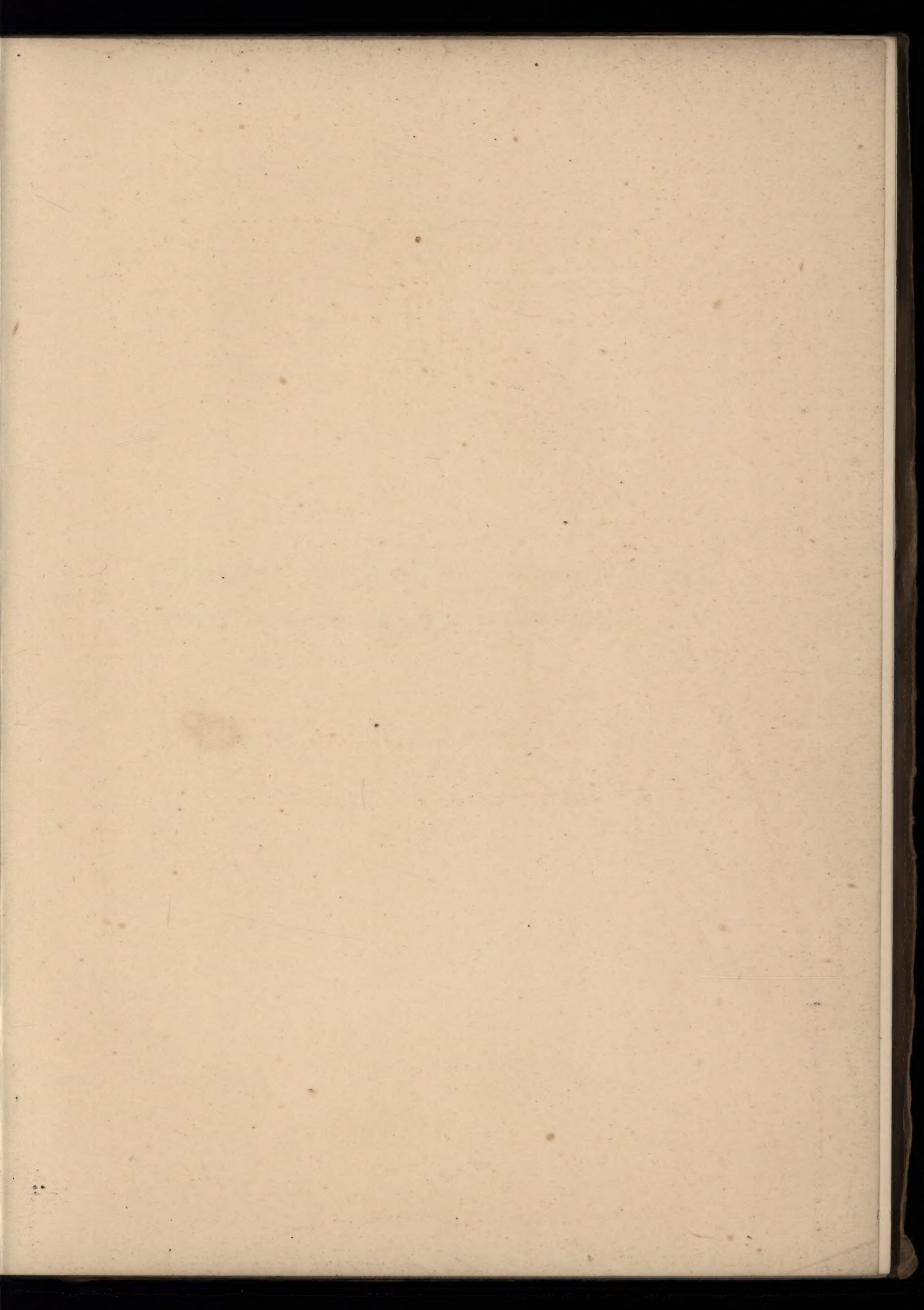
**Hackbridge**

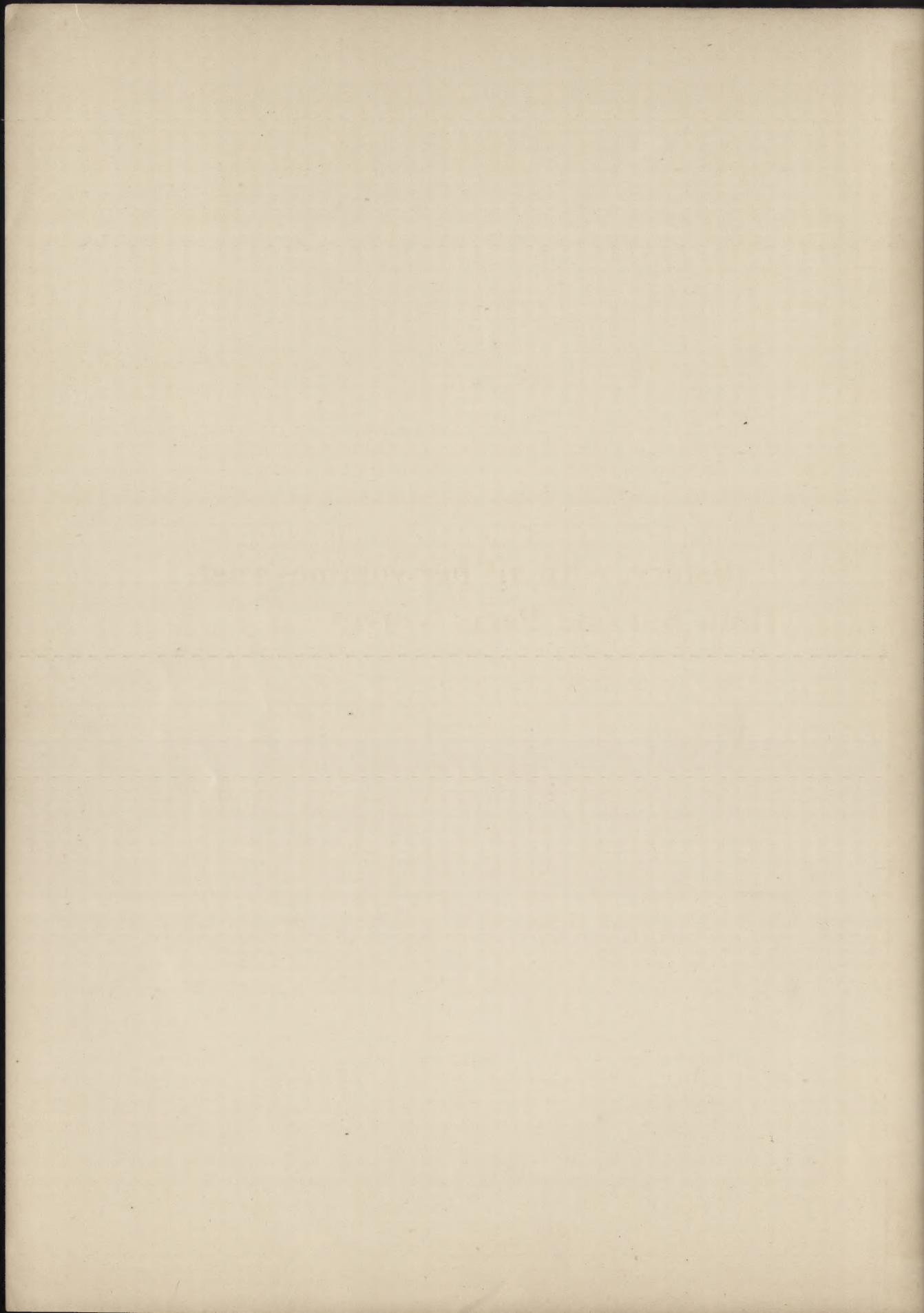
**Volume Two**  
**Number One.**













**“ History, with all her volumes vast,  
Hath but one Page.”—BYRON.**

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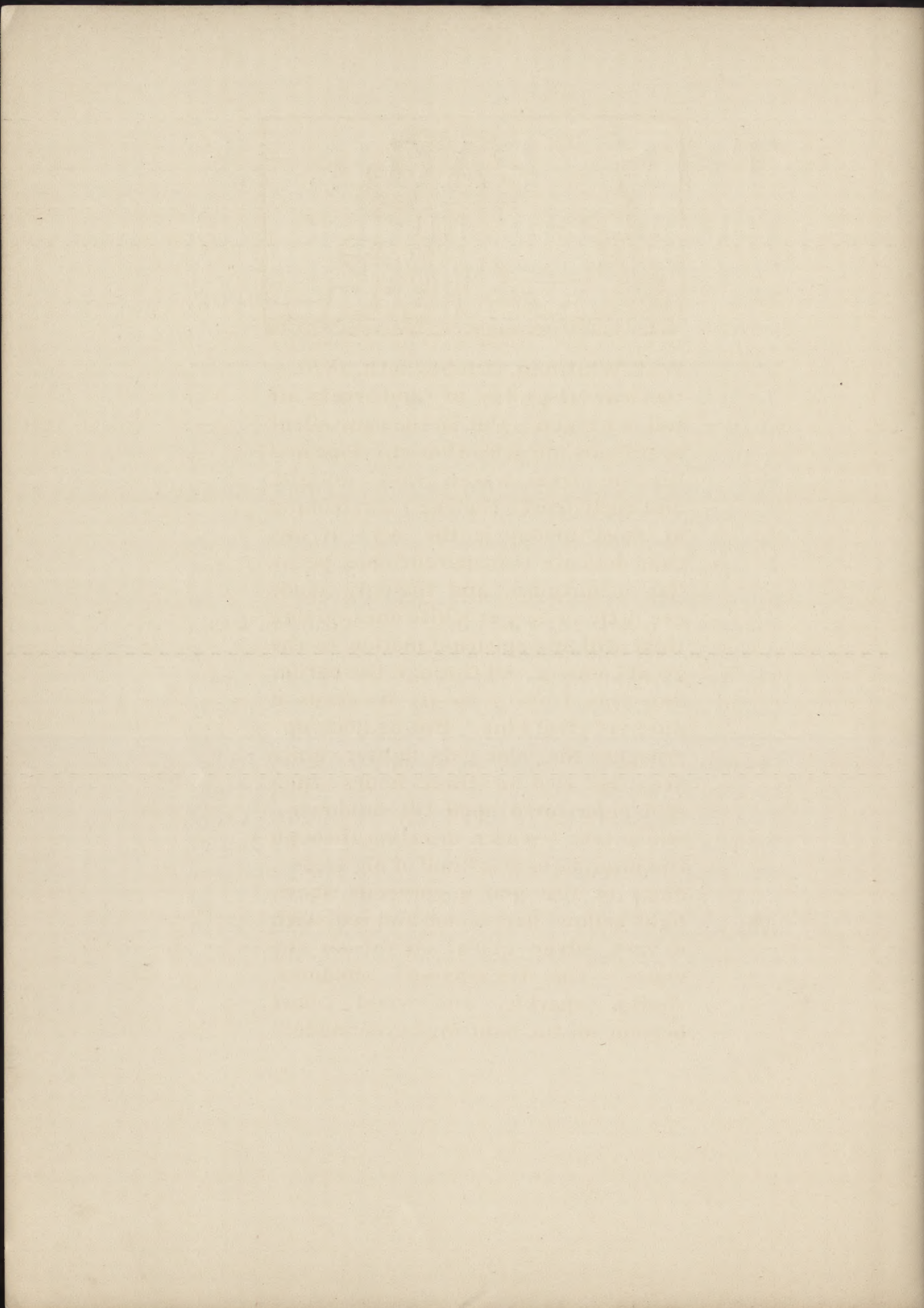
VOLUME TWO, NUMBER ONE.

*PUBLISHED BY EDWARD GORDON CRAIG, AT  
THE SIGN OF THE ROSE, HACKBRIDGE,  
CARSHALTON, SURREY, ENGLAND, MDCCCXCIX.*

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| Walt Whitman, the Good Grey Poet            | Gordon Craig  |
| A Design (From W. Rothenstein's Collection) | Charles Conder  |
| Why Court Cards have No Legs                | Anna Lindau   |
| Bookplate (Edward John Sachse)              | J. J. Guthrie   |
| Waiting for the Marchioness                 | Gordon Craig  |
| A Design                                    | Jacques Callot  |
| Concerning Perfumery, Doves and Ravens      |    |
| Planchet, D'Artagnan's Man                  | Gordon Craig  |
| A Recipe for Marmalade Tea                  |    |
| The House, and other Things                 | Gordon Craig  |
| Cupid and Campaspe, (a Poem)                | John Lyly   |
| Concerning a Drawing by Sir Henry Irving    |  |
| Drawing (Executed Sept. 20, 1890)           | Sir Henry Irving  |
| Le Duc D'Anjou                              | Oliver Bath   |
| Two Bookplates (E. T. and R.C.)             | Gordon Craig  |
| Ophelia                                     | The Editor  |
| The Plot Thickens                           | The Publisher   |
| Facsimile of Cover of October Page, 1898    |  |
| Tail Pieces                                 | Oliver Bath   |
| The Incorruptible (Hand-colored supplement) | Gordon Craig  |







THE GOOD GREY POET. DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY GORDON CRAIG

Walt Whitman, October 20th, 1876.—

“A clear crispy day, dry and breezy air full of oxygen. Out of the sane silent beauteous miracles that envelope and fuse me—trees, water, grass, sunlight, and early frost—the one I am looking at most to-day is the sky. It has that delicate transparent blue, peculiar to autumn, and the only clouds are little or larger white ones, giving their still and spiritual motion to the great concave. All through the earlier day (say from 7 to 11) it keeps a pure yet vivid blue. But as noon approaches the color gets lighter, quite gray for two or three hours—then still paler for a spell till sundown—which last I watch dazzling through the interstices of a knoll of big trees—darts of fire and a gorgeous show, light yellow, liver-color and red, with a vast silver glaze askant on the water—the transparent shadows, shafts, sparkle, and vivid colors beyond all the paintings ever made.”



THE  
JOURNAL  
OF  
THE  
AMERICAN  
MEDICAL  
ASSOCIATION  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
CHICAGO, ILL.  
1914





CHARLES CONDER.





## WHY COURT CARDS HAVE NO LEGS. *From the German of ANNA LINDAU.*

Many hundred years ago, for such things do not happen nowadays, there lived in France four kings who reigned in perfect harmony all at the same time, for the kingdom was divided justly. One had all matters ecclesiastical and agricultural to attend to, and bore a black SPADE in his coat of arms; another had political and military affairs to manage, and his shield was a CLUB; the third had charge of all commerce, industry, and money matters, and had a red DIAMOND in his escutcheon; while the fourth was king of the high arts and everything idealistic in the kingdom, and a red HEART figured in his coat of arms. Thus each king was supreme ruler of his own quarter. As has been already stated, they agreed admirably together, and might have lived happily for many years had it not been for the vanity of their wives. The four kings had married their four beautiful cousins, who dressed in jewels and laces every day. Even at that time France was the country of fashion and luxury, and the women there were more vain than in any other part of the world. Youth, beauty, and finery were prized even more than virtues, and thus it happened that the four royal cousins were no exceptions to the rule, and the one aim of their lives was to look young and beautiful and be handsomely attired. One morning when the sun was shining very brightly, the Queen of Clubs noticed that her eyes were less brilliant than usual, and that there were a number of fine lines on the skin surrounding them ! ♣ She was





terrified, and hastened to her friend and cousin, the Queen of Spades to tell her of this discovery. The latter sighed, and replied that she too had noticed the same, and not only round the eyes, but at the corners of the mouth and on the forehead as well. "What is to be done?" exclaimed the Queen of Clubs in dismay, "our youth and beauty is on the wane, and we are getting wrinkled and ugly." ♠ The Queens of Hearts and Diamonds shared their cousins' distress, and each one asked her husband's advice, but the four kings only shrugged their shoulders and knew of no remedy. Then the queens determined to try and help themselves, and hunted through all the old books in their libraries, hoping by some good chance to find an old document or book of charms in which might be some useful hint for the preservation of their youth and beauty. They spent hours daily in rummaging about dusty old bookshelves, or turning over folios, always hoping to meet with their desire. At last one day the Queen of Clubs discovered in a very dark corner a thin half-torn little volume, quite hidden behind all the other books. The leaves were soiled and very ragged and brown from age, and had an unpleasant musty odour, a mixture of dust, paper and mildew. In spite of the uninviting condition of the book, the queen could have kissed it for joy, for on the first page was written in very old and twisted letters, "The Magic Flowers, or What Women must do to Remain Young and Beautiful." Here was the very thing the four royal ladies so ardently desired to know. She rushed breathlessly to her cousins, and when they were all together they locked themselves in a room





so as to read the magic message undisturbed. This was no easy matter, for the leaves were torn and full of holes and brown mildew spots, so that much patience and perseverance was required. At last, however, they deciphered the following:— ♣

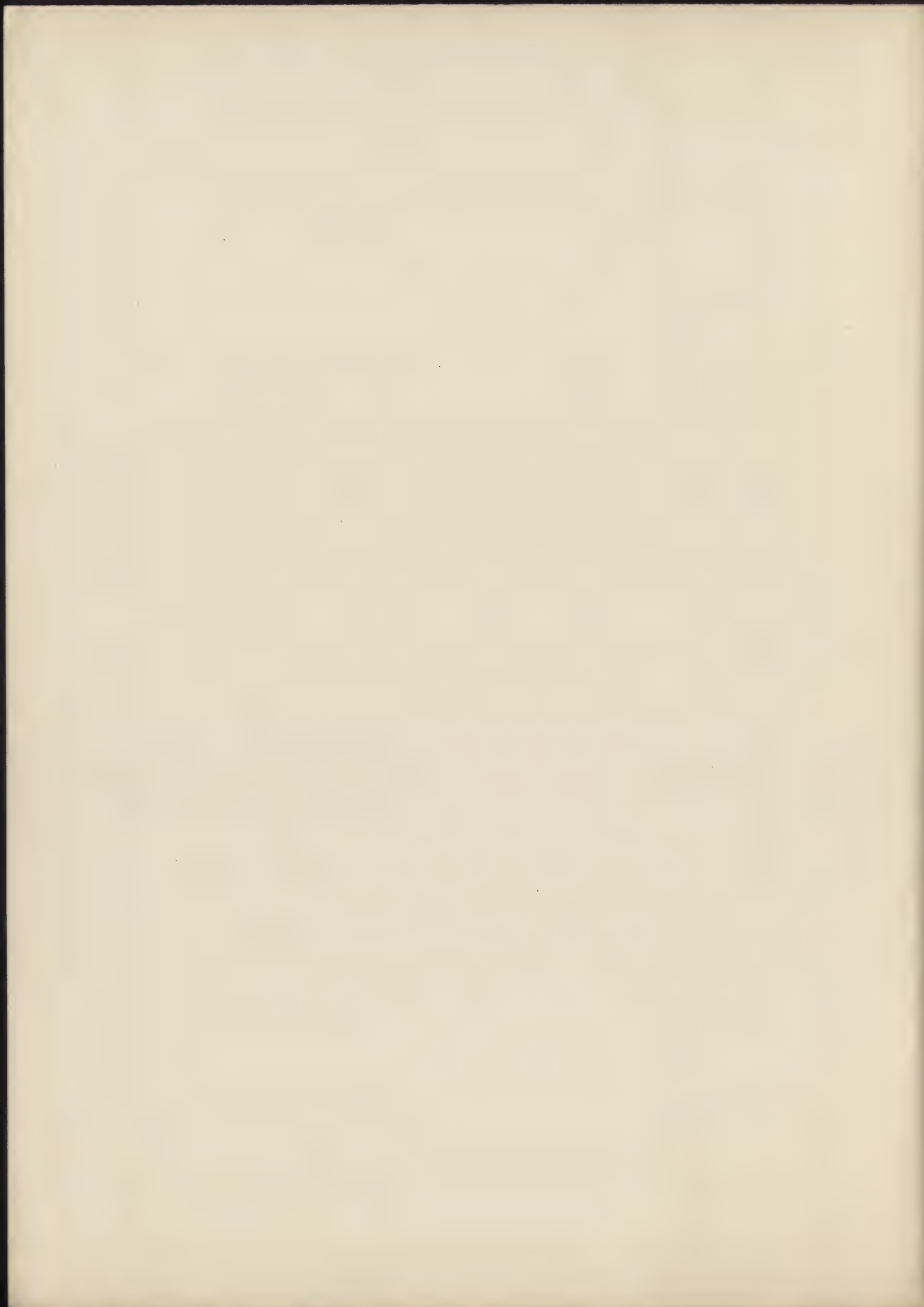
“Only few know of the lake. . . (Here appeared a large spot, hiding the name.) It lies far off amongst the mountains of the Pyrenees, and the following road leads to it. (A route map was outlined here, which the course of several centuries, however, has buried in oblivion.) In the midst of this lake, which is almost entirely hidden by rocks, lies a tiny island, which is covered all over with the most beautiful flowers. Whoever wishes to obtain everlasting youth and beauty has only to wade through the lake, which is perfectly shallow, and pick one of these flowers. If one is fortunate enough to return with it, never-fading beauty is the reward. But beware! The charm is lost unless the water is crossed on foot, neither boat nor bridge may be used, and the flower benefits but its gatherer. It must also be remembered that the waters of the lake become frozen every ten years, and remain so for the same length of time. The day that this occurs is unknown to anyone, and it happens very suddenly without the least warning. The destruction of any human being then in the lake is inevitable, and whoever would cross over on the ice would be lost also.” ♣

Here the print ceased to be legible, and the curiosity of the queens, who would gladly have read more, remained unsatisfied. They re-read the instructions again and again, until they knew them by heart, and were overjoyed at the



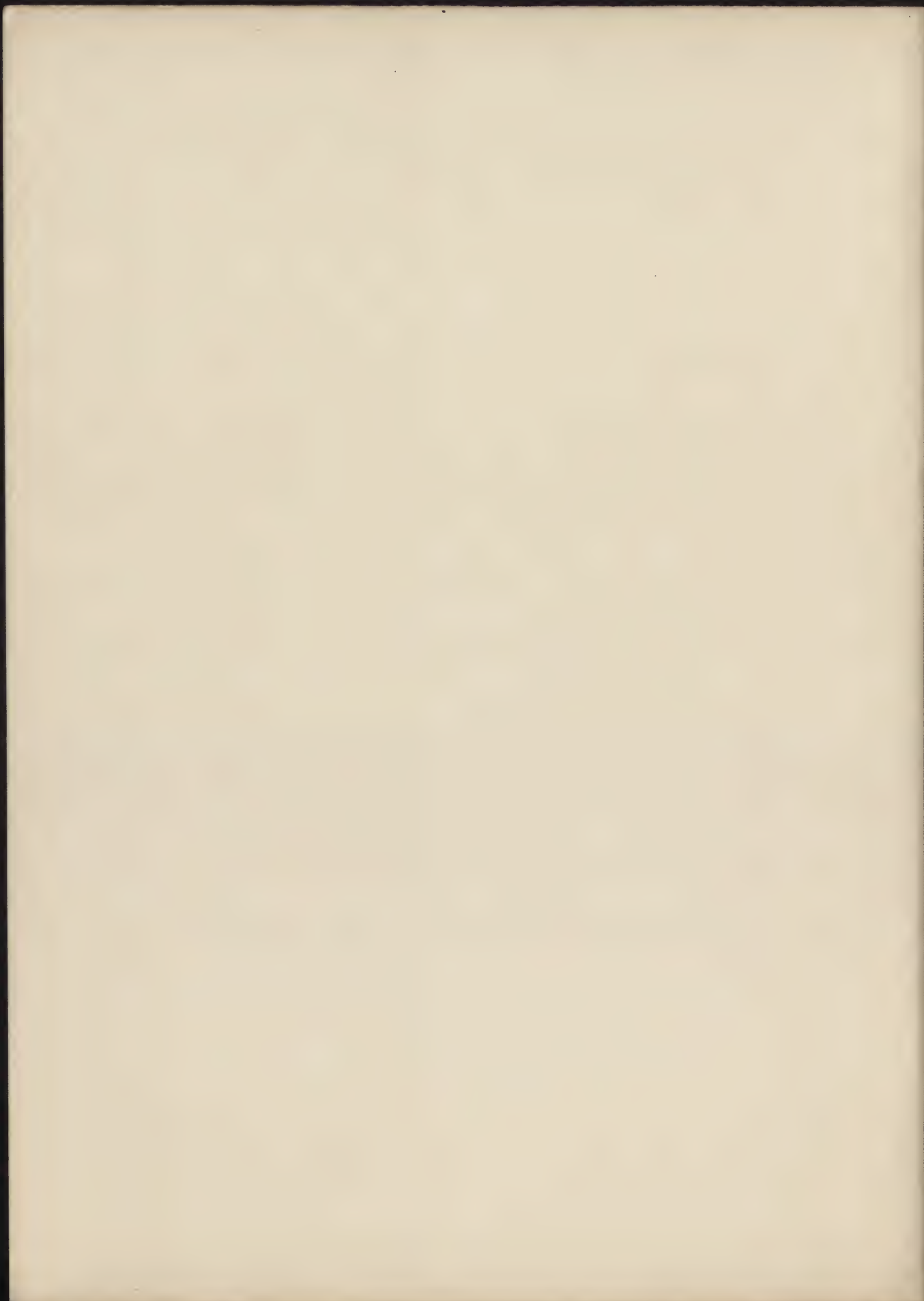


possibility of the fulfilment of their dearest wish. They communicated the discovery to their husbands, who however looked grave, and considered the enterprise more dangerous than it appeared to the ladies. ♣ "Supposing that it should freeze on the very day that we crossed over?" they said, but their queens were determined to risk it, for they were more afraid of old age than death himself, and thought the danger far less serious than did their husbands. Every undertaking required a little risk and courage, they said. Had not their husbands gone to war, and encountered worse dangers for a far less precious reward? Thus they argued, and tried to persuade the kings, and finally succeeded, for even then it was a saying in France, "Ce que femme veut, Dieu veut." ♣ The royal couples then made all the necessary preparations, and set out on their journey to the magic lake, taking but little luggage, and each king only one trusty follower. ♣ The kings wore their crowns, and their wives had fastened beautiful veils in their hair, and hung gold and pearl necklaces round their necks. Their knaves followed, wearing feathers in their caps, and each carrying either a halberd or a sword. ♣ After many adventures and much wandering, (for although the route had been indicated in the old map, there was much difficulty in finding it), the twelve travellers at last reached the lake in safety. There it lay before them, a clear, smooth sheet of water, surrounded by high rocks that were reflected as in a mirror, and, sure enough, in the middle of the lake, just as it had been described, lay the tiny island,





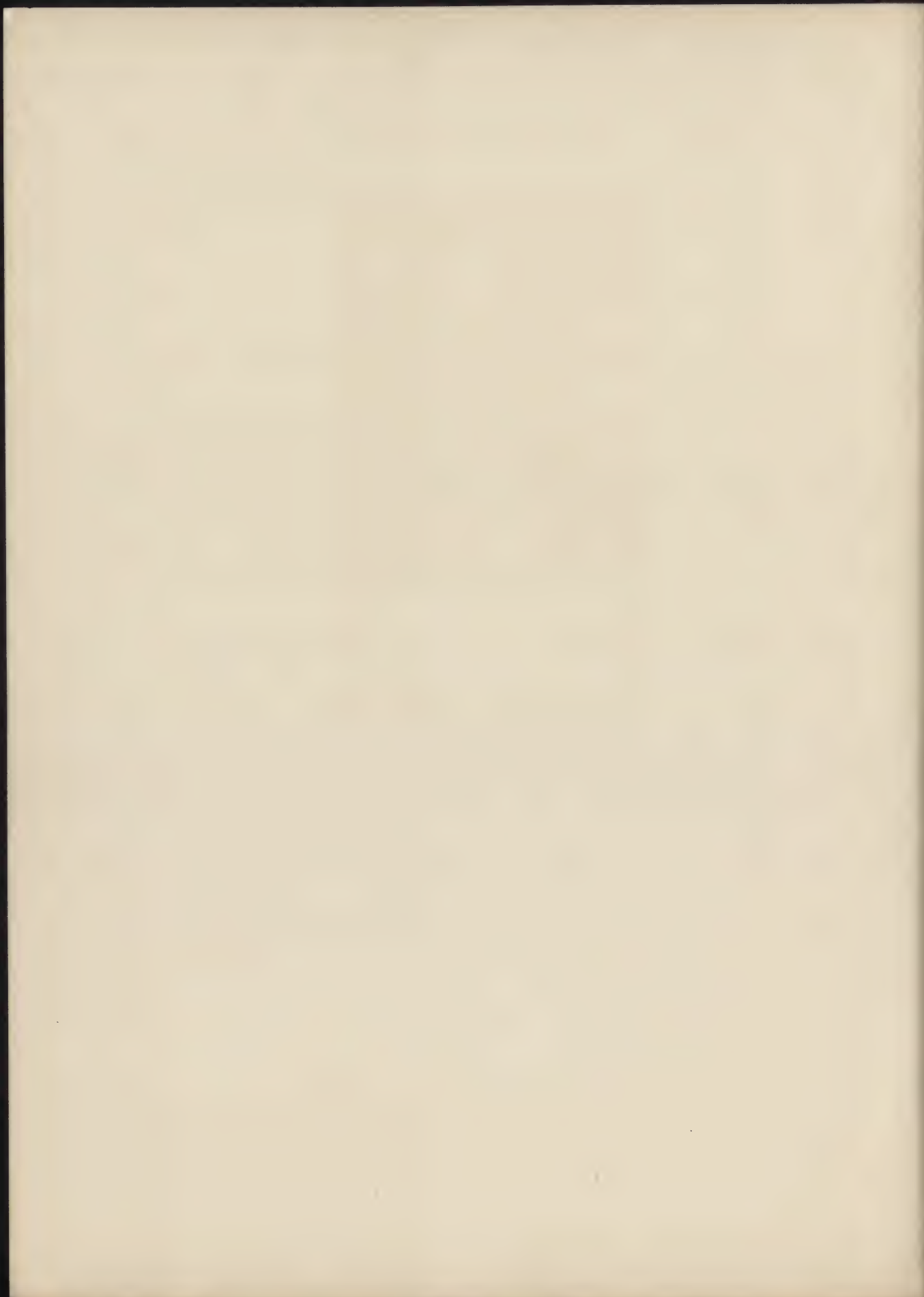
looking like a bouquet of flowers. ♣ A gentle breeze wafted their perfumes across the water to the four queens, whose hearts beat loudly in anticipation. They were so glad the lake was not frozen, for in that case they could not possibly have reached the island, and would have had to wait ten whole years, but now they hoped to realize their dearest wishes in a very few hours. ♣ Once more the kings warned their wives, to turn back while there was still time. No one knew what dangers might be in store for them, and they were deliberately tempting Providence. Supposing the lake should suddenly freeze that very day? But the queens only laughed at these fears; they would run the risk, and if their husbands did not wish to accompany them they would go alone. Then they entered the water. This was more than the Kings and their knaves could bear; it would never do for them to be less courageous than the ladies, so they quickly followed suit. They soon reached the magic isle in safety. Each queen hastily picked her favourite flower, and then without losing time, they began their homeward journey. The King of Diamonds in his vanity twisted a wreath of green laurel leaves round his crown. He hoped secretly that they might have a similar charm for him as the magic flowers had for the Queens. ♣ ♣ They had already returned half-way across the lake—the royal ladies happy in the possession of their flowers, and holding them carefully above the water—when suddenly the Knave of Hearts cried out that they had better





hurry on, as he had noticed a very distinct change in the temperature. At this, they were all seized with terror, and made every effort to hasten ♣ It was getting late, and the sun was about to set, shedding a golden lustre over the protecting shore, which lay invitingly before them. But their limbs seemed paralysed, they could scarcely lift their feet, and they noticed an icy breath stealing across the lake, which seemed to congeal the water, and gradually form an opaque coating on the surface, and before they could realise what was happening, the waters had changed into an impenetrable sheet of ice. Pale with fright, and up to their waists in ice, the queens still held their magic flowers, the kings their sceptres, and the knaves their weapons. ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

When the lake thawed ten years afterwards, their legs had melted also, and there was no possibility of their returning home to their country. Perhaps to this day they are still posturing in the lake, each sadly gazing at its better half. ♣ Their subjects, who have more than once changed sovereigns, have learnt of their sad fate, and raised them a monument in the shape of a pack of cards. There you can see the unfortunate travellers just as they looked when the ice cut them in half, and so now you know why Court Cards have no legs. ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣



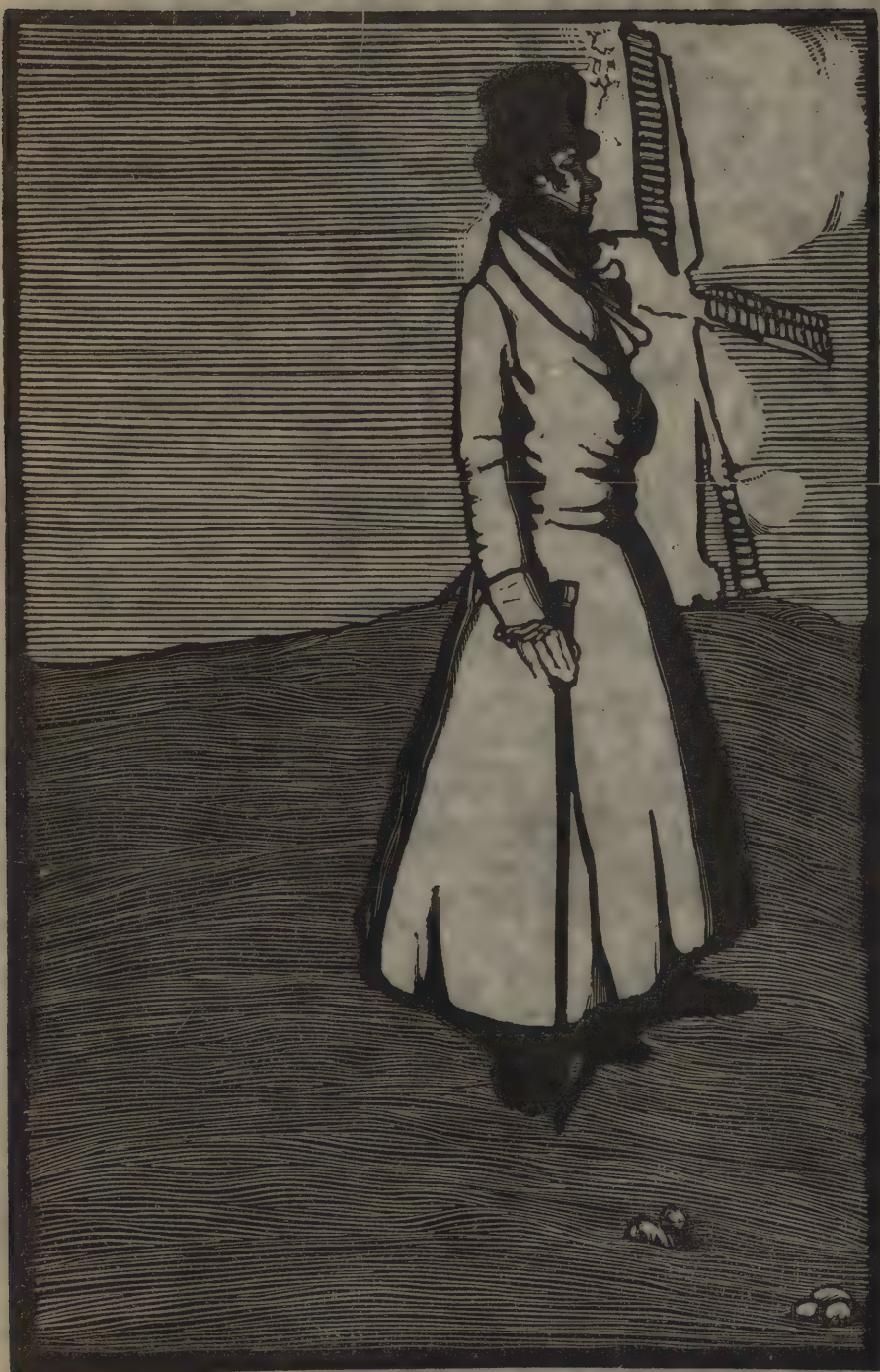




BOOKPLATE, DESIGNED BY J. J. GUTHRIE.







WAITING FOR THE MARCHIONESS.

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY GORDON CRAIG.





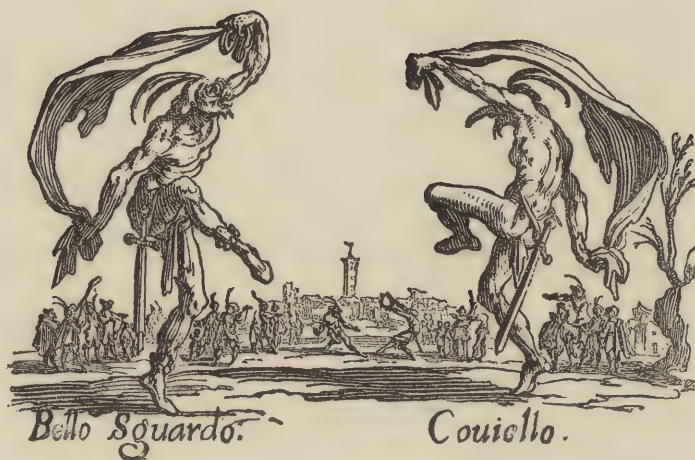
DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY GORDON CRAIG.

WAITING FOR THE MARCHIONESS.





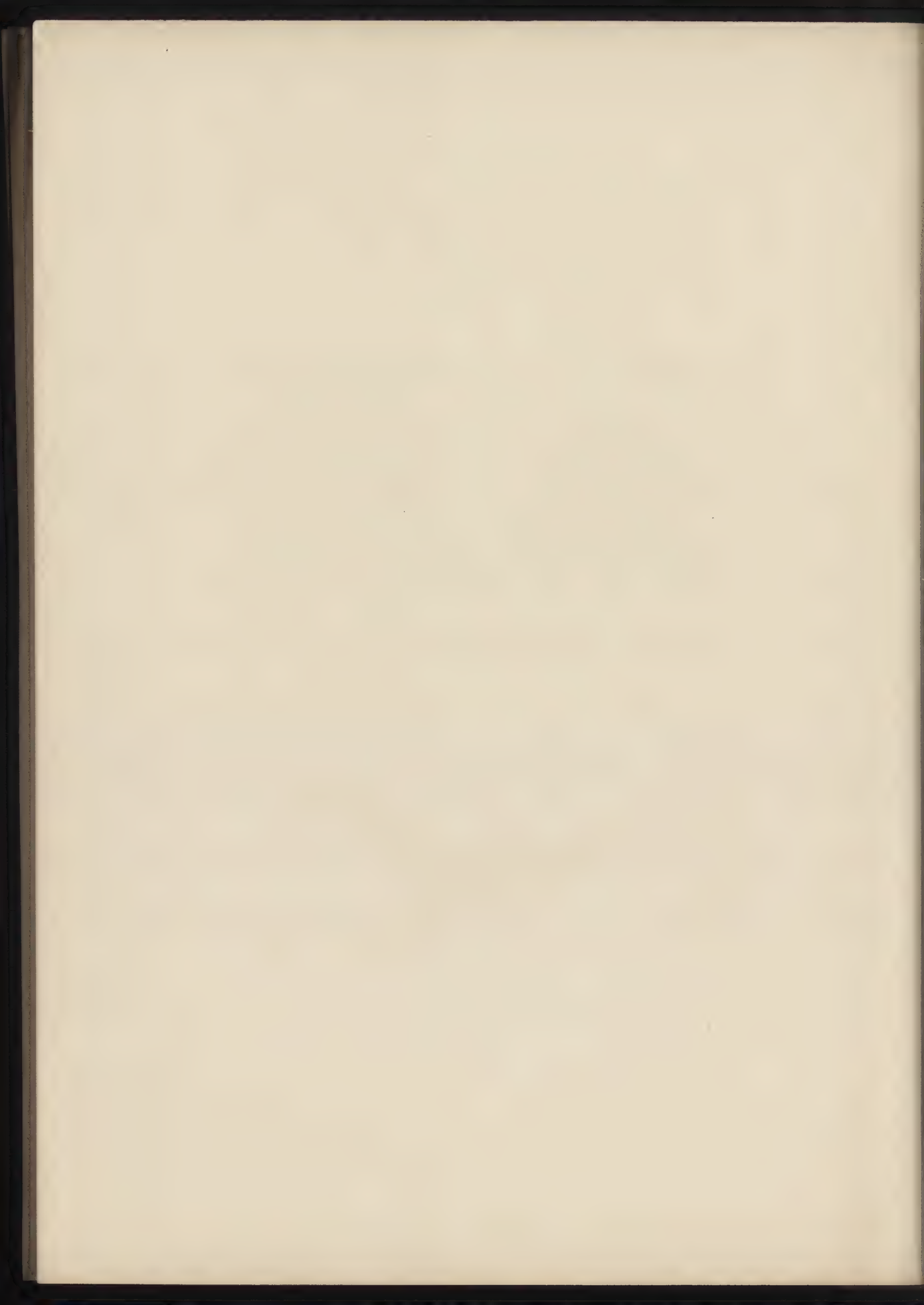




EVIDENTLY DANCERS.

JACQUES CALLOT.





## ♣ CONCERNING PERFUMERY. ♣

Ladies! If you would remain as beautiful as ever for ever, you must suffer some few minutes of pity forty days of wonder, one moment of horror, and a life of remorse, for this is what you must do. I have it on the word of Maistre Alexys le Piedmontois of Paris that it has never been known to fail. Take a young raven\* from the nest, feed it on hard eggs for forty days, kill it, and distil it with myrtle leaves, talc, and almond oil. You will then have a marvellous water which you must apply to the face. This done, run to your mirror, and wait.

### QUEEN ELIZABETH DID LOVE POMANDERS.

Your only way to make a good Pomander is this:—Take an ounce of the finest garden mould, cleaned, and steeped seven days in change of rose-water; then take the best labdanum, benzoin, botta storaxes, ambergis, civet, and musk; incorporate them together, and work them into what form you please. This, if your breath be not too valiant, will make you smell as sweet as any lady's dog (16—).

\* If Ravens are not plentiful a little Dove will do.









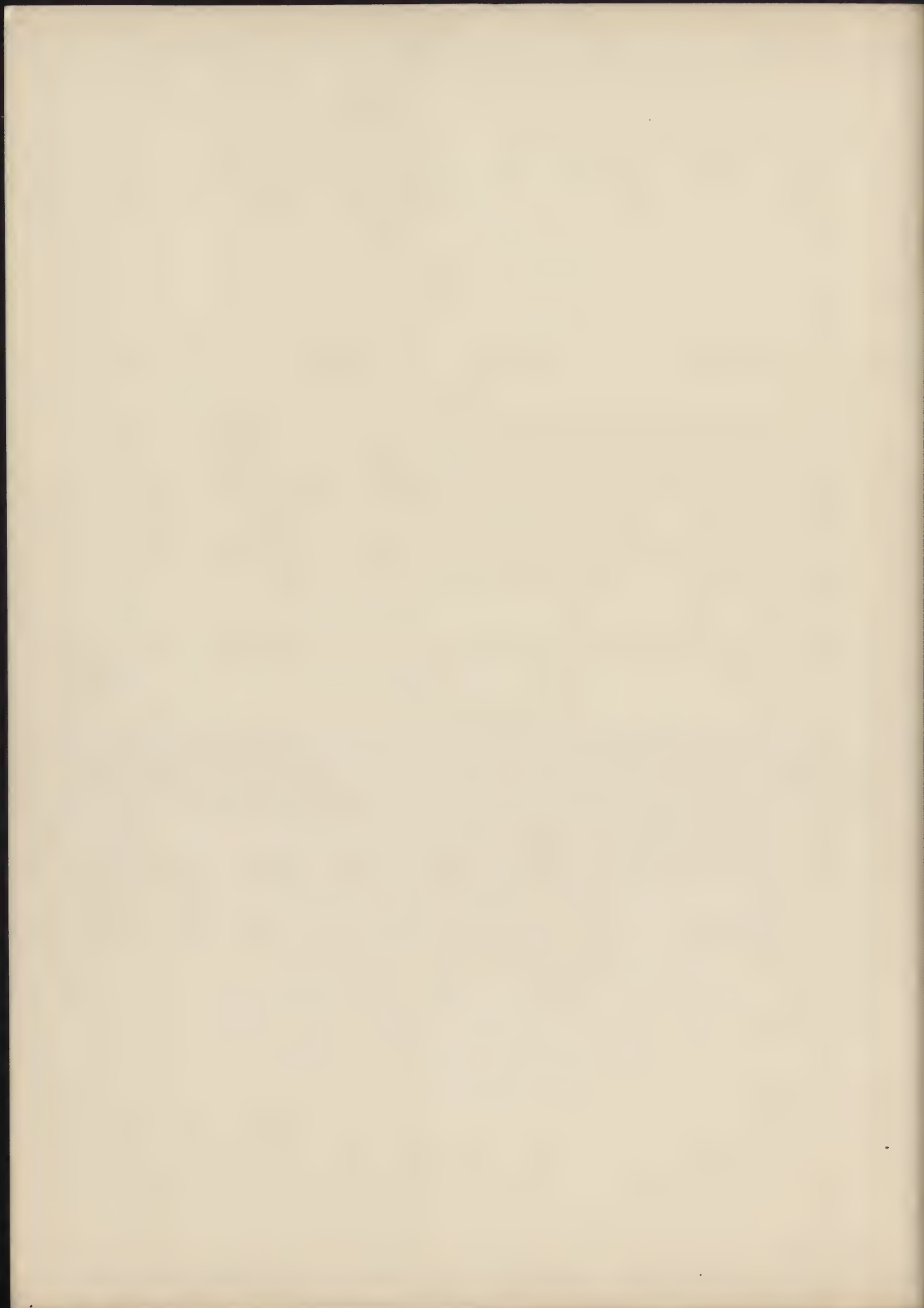
D'ARTAGNAN'S MAN.

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY GORDON CRAIG











## MARMALADE TEA.



*"I have just received by a piece of String, a Pot of Marmalade Tea and a Book."*—*Les Deux Captives*.

Gather Scarlet Strawberries with their Stalks on a dry Day before they are too Ripe, and lay them separately on a dry Dish; beat and sift over them twice their weight of double-refined Sugar beaten small; cover close; let them stand in a Kettle of boiling Water till soft and the Syrup is out of them. Strain them through a Muslin Rag in a Tossing-pan, boil, skim, and when cold, put in the whole Strawberries, and set them over the Fire till milk warm; then take them off and let them stand till cold. Take your Oranges without freckles, carve the outside of them according to your fancy; make a Hole at the Stalk end, scoop out the Pulp, and tie them separately in Muslin.

☞ Tie seven bunches of Currants together to a Stick, lay them on a Sieve, have your Pan on the Fire with Syrup in it, boil it twenty Minutes on a brisk fire. Put Strawberries, Oranges, and Currants in Bunches into the Syrup for three minutes, then strain syrup. What remains, place in a porcelain Teapot, pour in gently boiling Water and infuse for two minutes. ☞ ☞

ITA !









THE HOUSE.

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY GORDON CRAIG

2

## CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

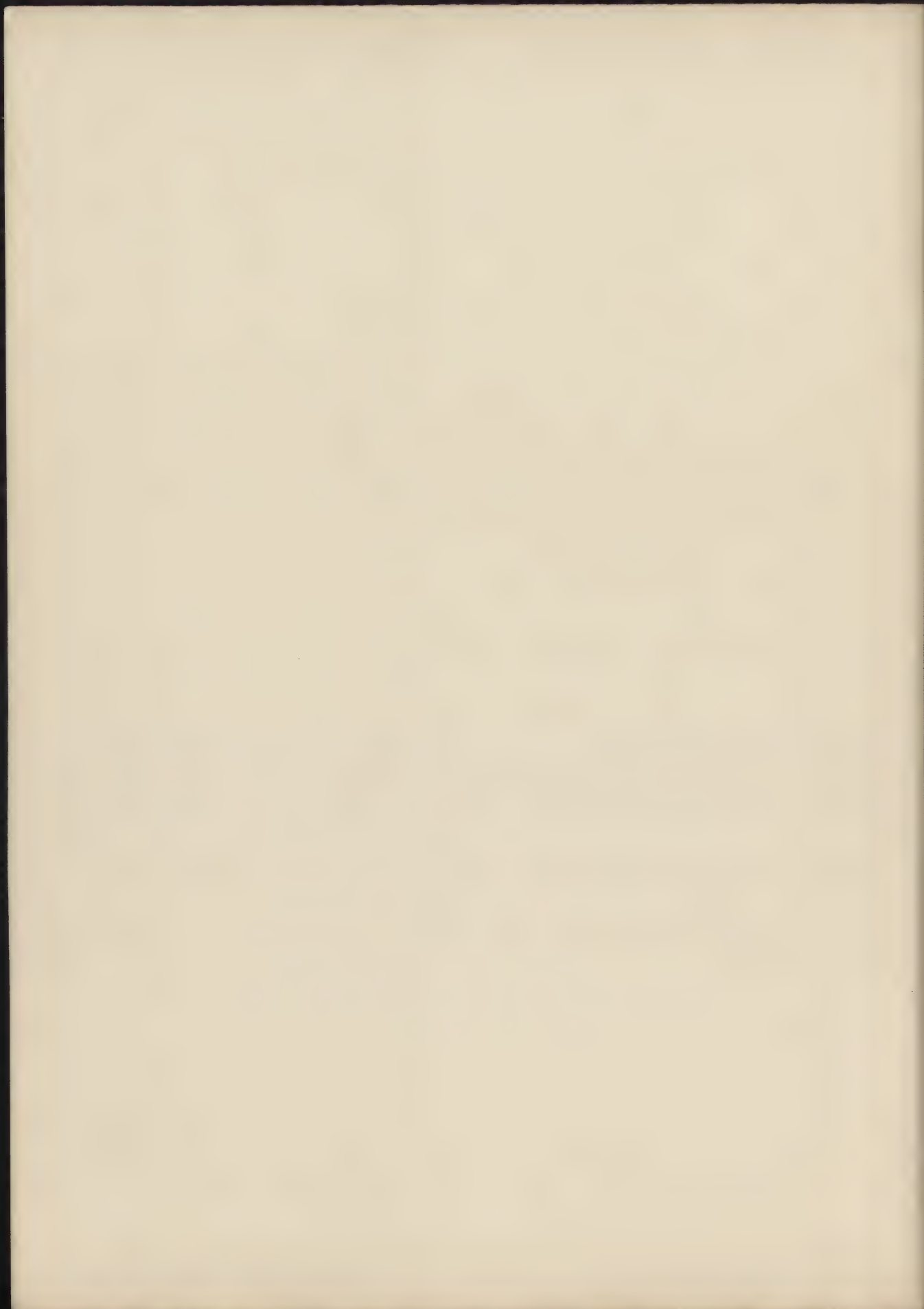
ACT III., SCENE V.    ♀    JOHN LYLY.

Cupid and my Campaspe play'd  
At cards for kisses: Cupid paid.  
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,  
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows.  
Loses them too. Then down he throws  
The coral of his lips, the rose  
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how),  
With these, the crystal of his brow,  
And then the dimple on his chin:  
All these did my Campaspe win.  
At last he set her both his eyes:  
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.



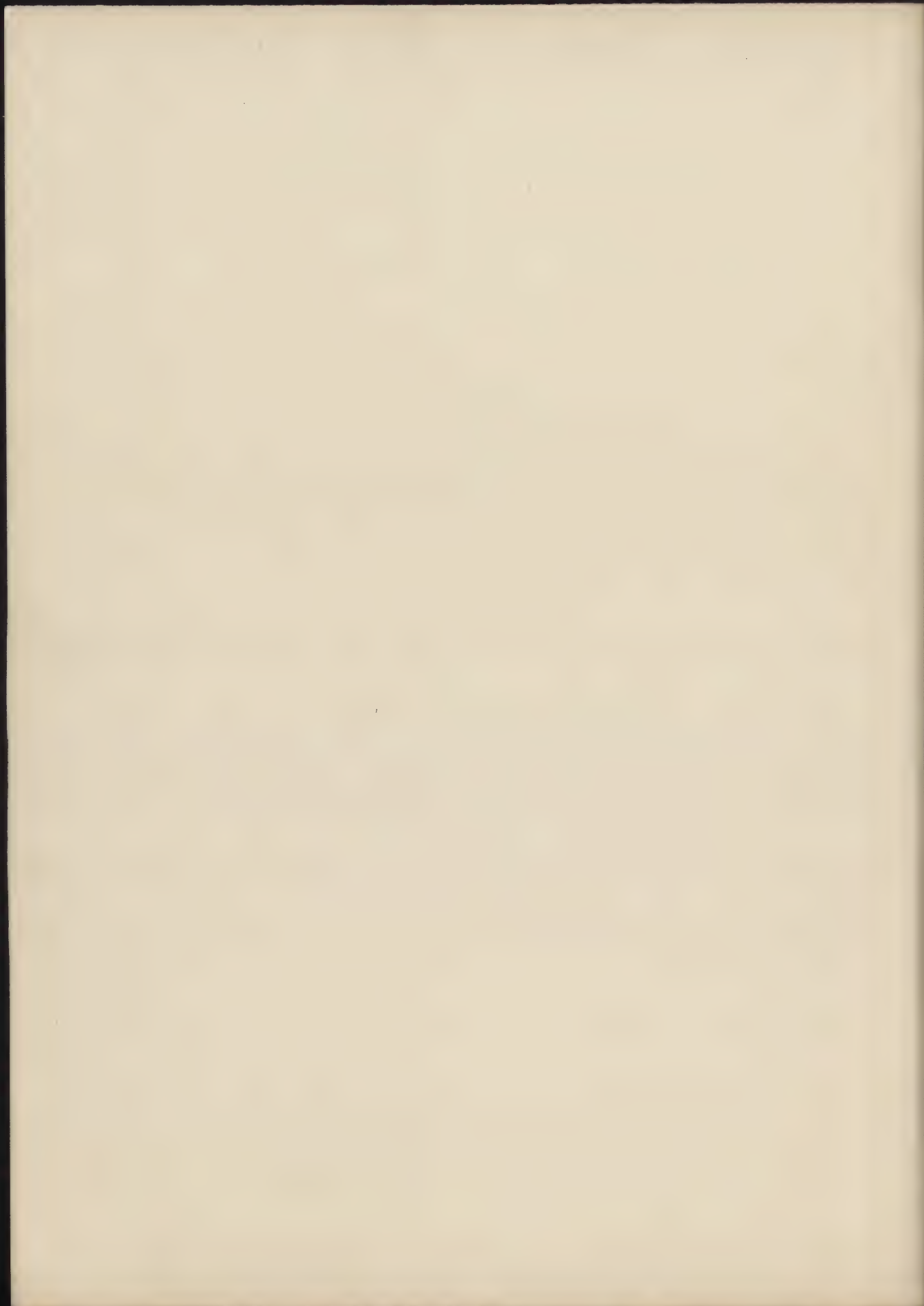
Oh Love! Has she done this to thee,  
What shall, alas! become of me?







BOOKPLATE, THE PROPERTY OF MISS ELLEN TERRY.





CONCERNING A DRAWING  
BY SIR HENRY IRVING.

“On the next page . . . . .

. . . . .

. . . . .

. . Don Quixote . . . . .

. . . . .

. . . . . genius .

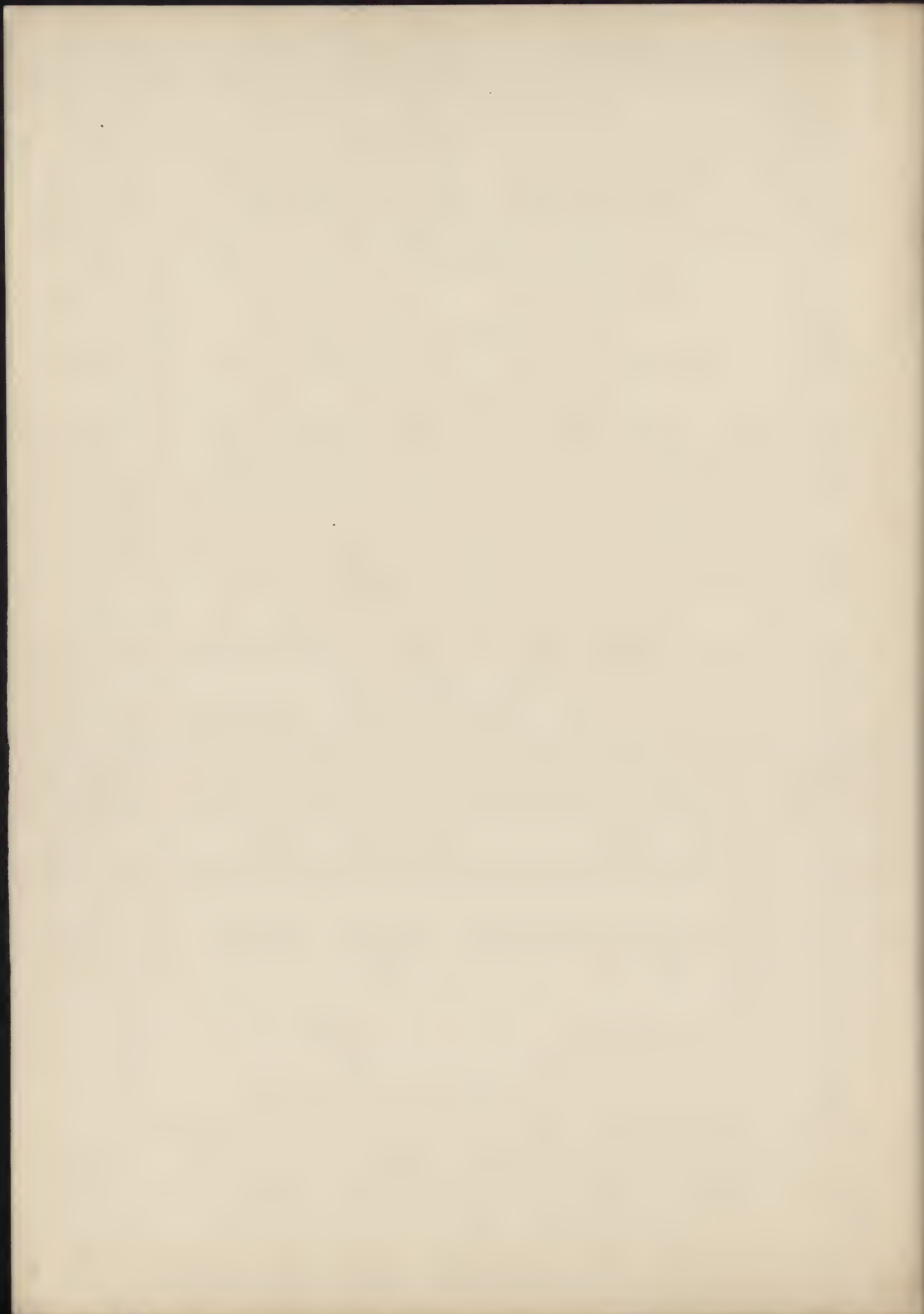
. . . . .

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. . . . . Splendid ! ! ! ” 

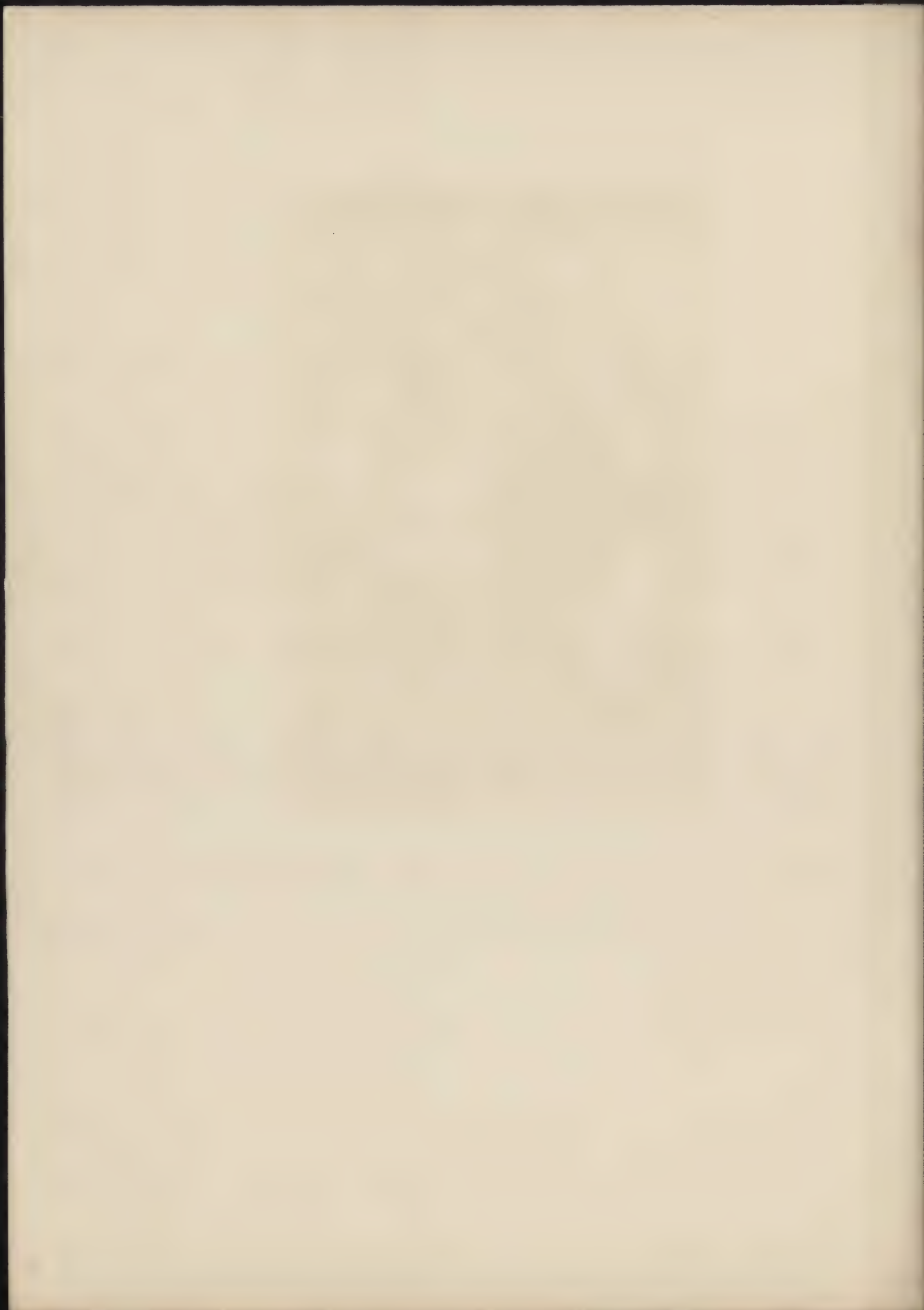




FROM AN ORIGINAL COLOUR SKETCH BY SIR HENRY IRVING.

THE PROPERTY OF THE EDITOR.







LE DUC D'ANJOU.

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY OLIVER BATH.

THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A.

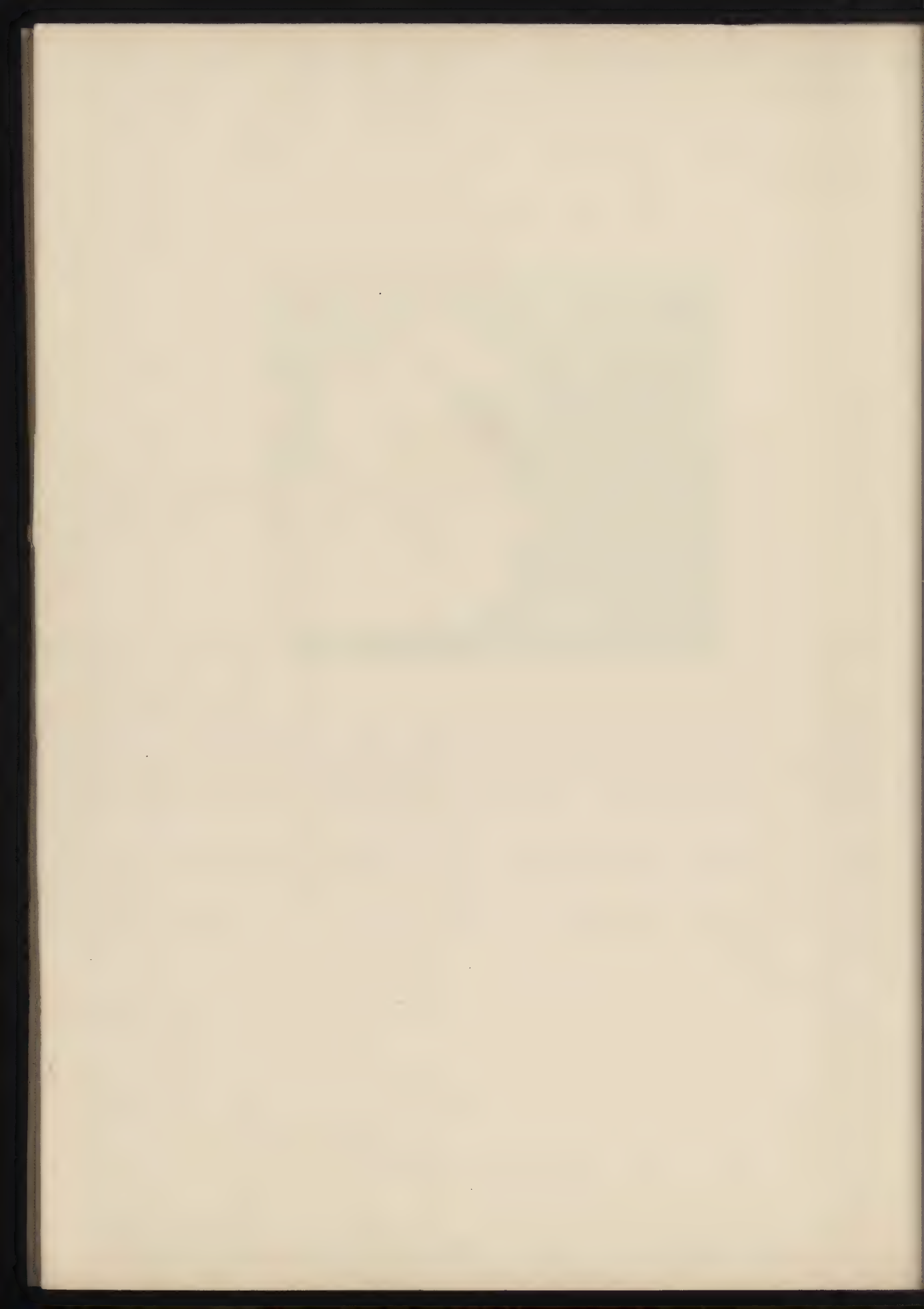




OPHELIA.

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY THE EDITOR.







PLAYING CARD (BACK), DESIGNED FOR MISS ELLEN TERRY.

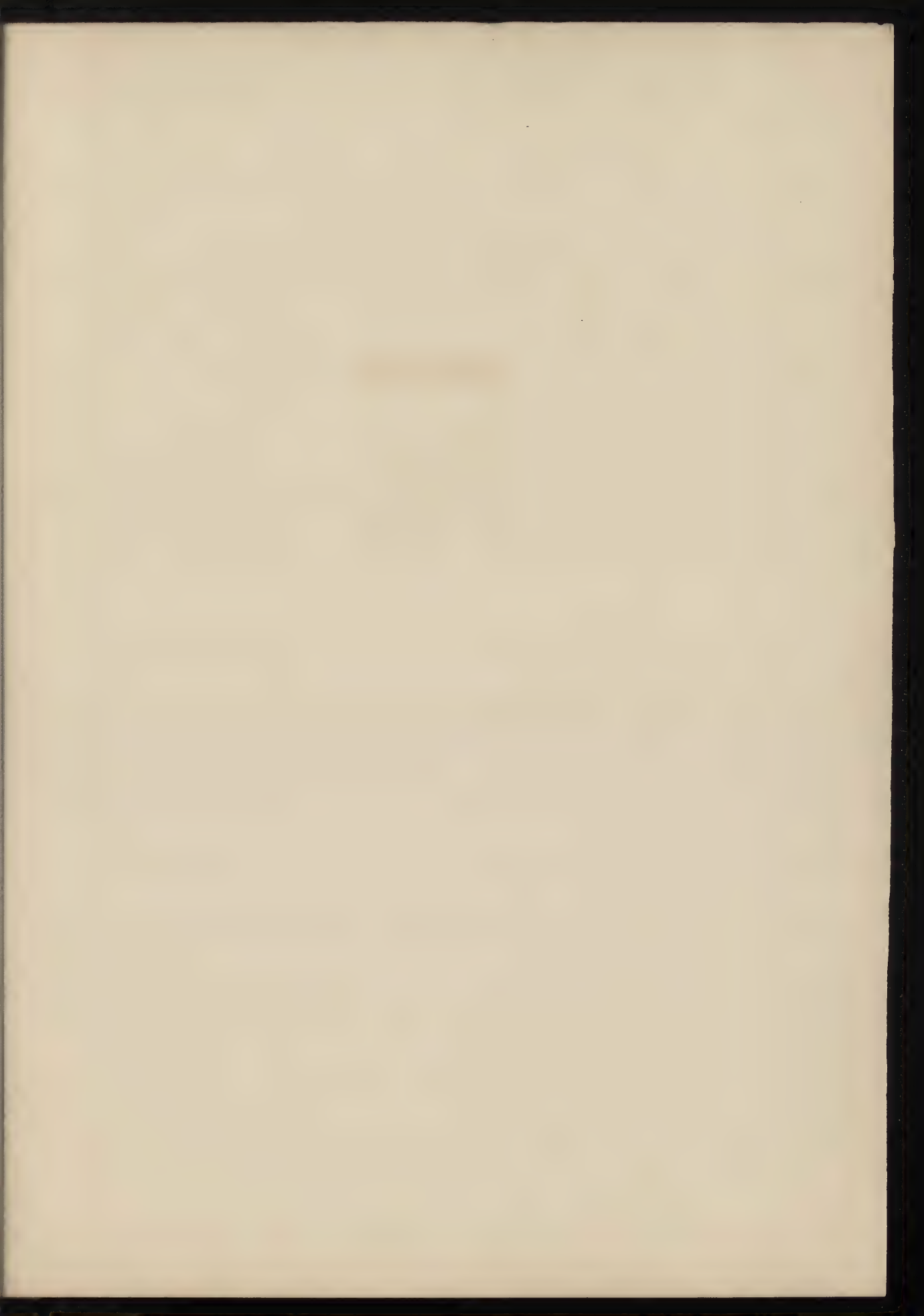


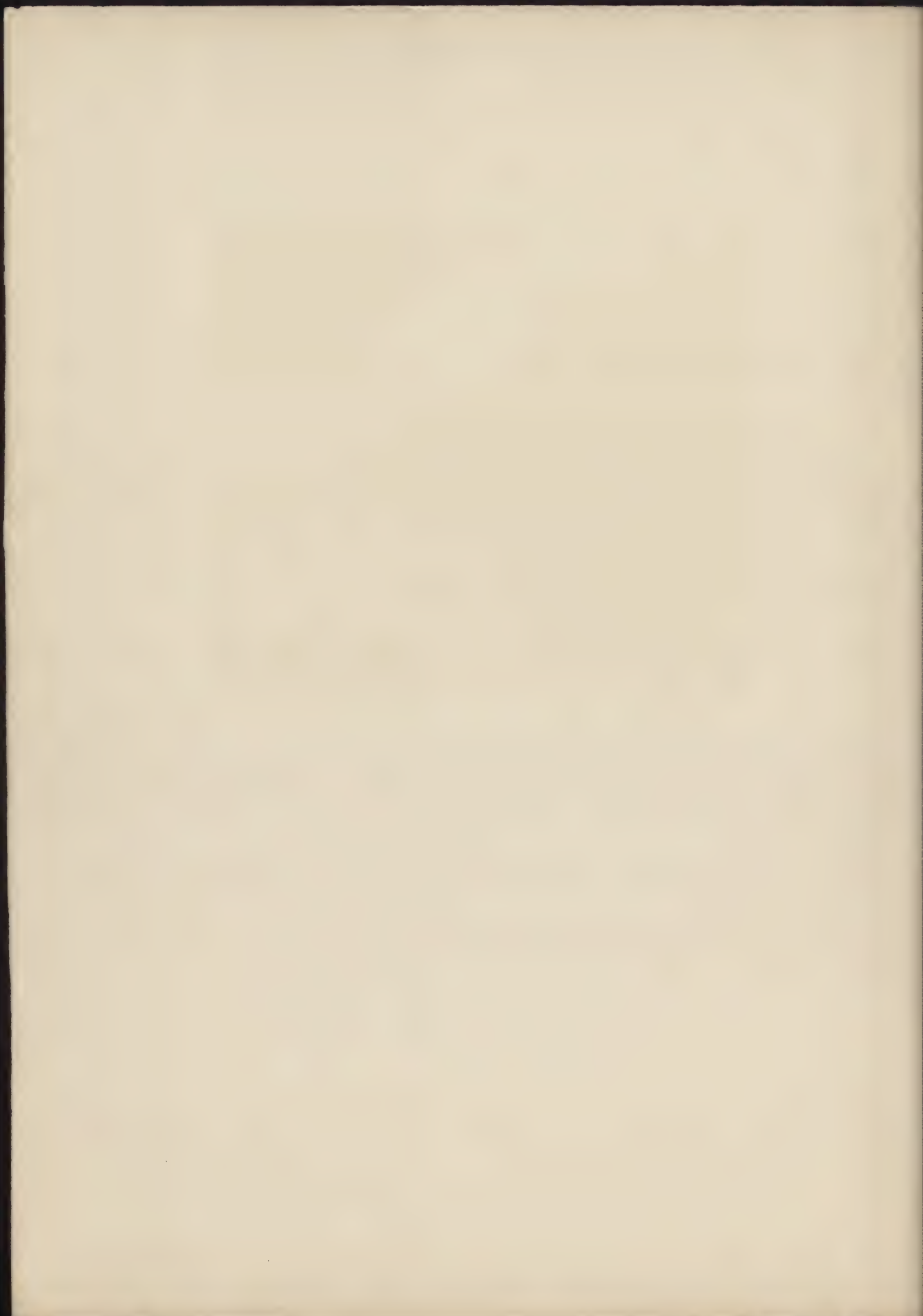


BOOKPLATE THE PROPERTY OF MASTER ROBIN CRAIG. G.C.







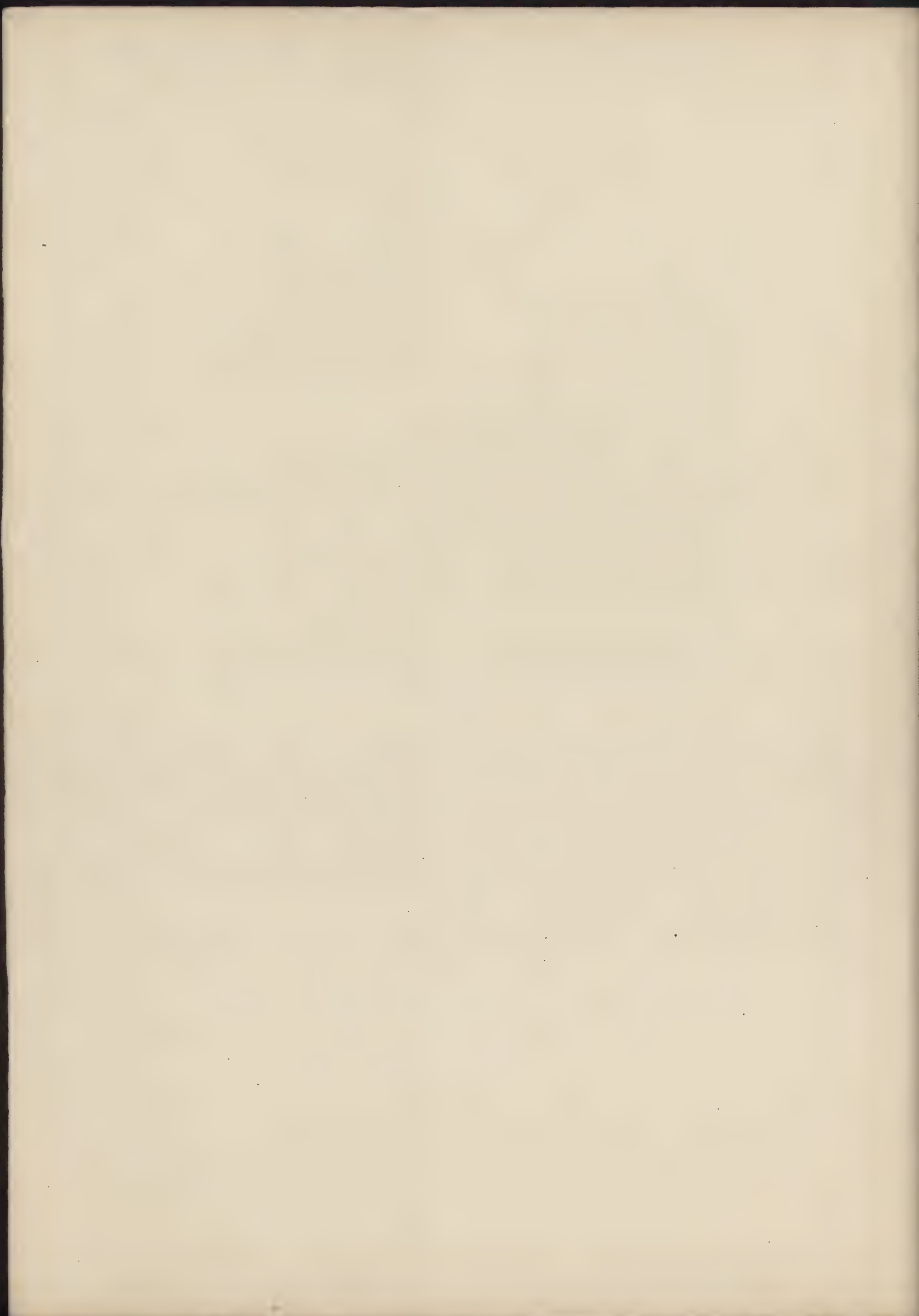




THE PLOT THICKENS.

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY THE PUBLISHER.



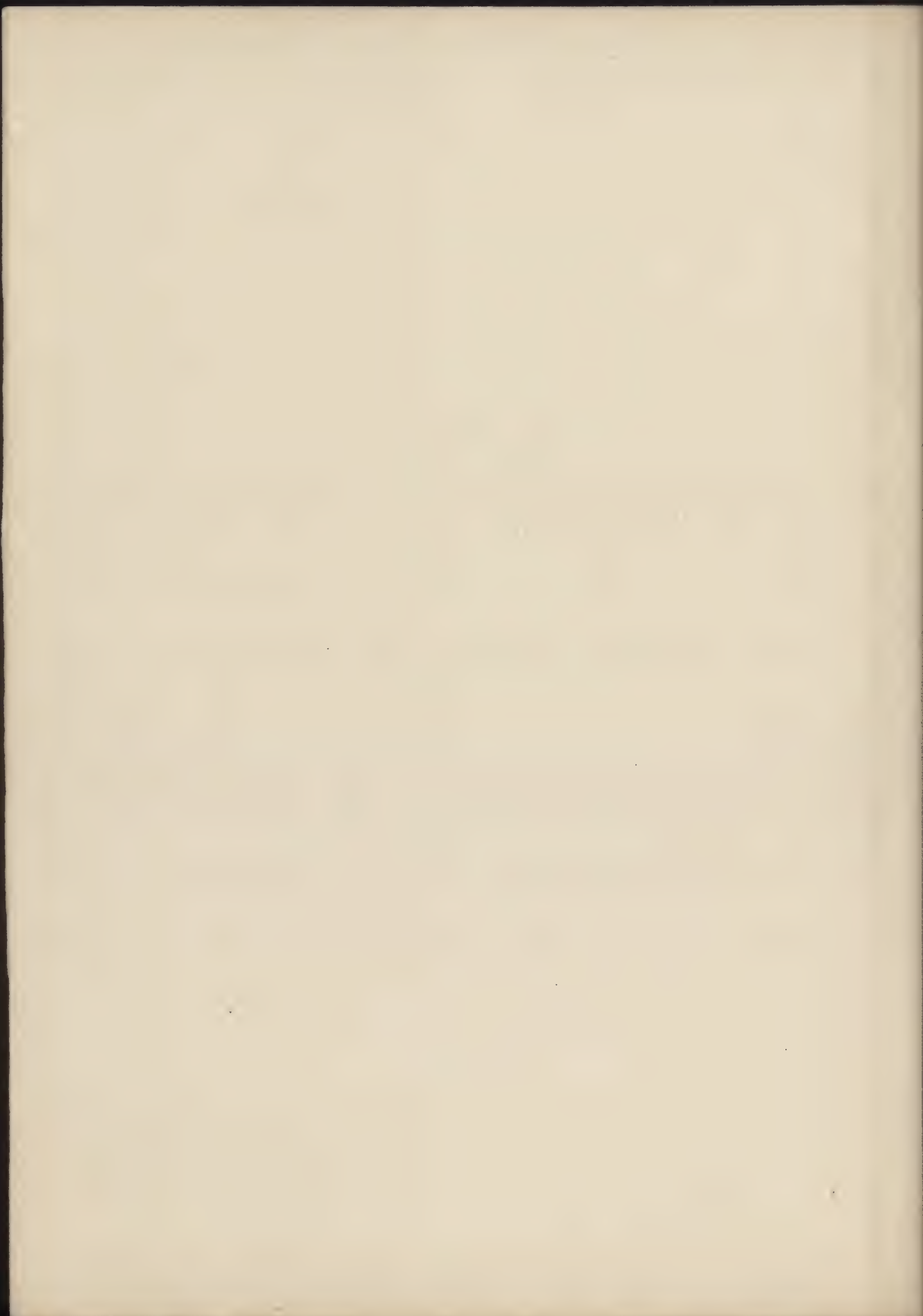


The Page



OCTOBER  
VOLUME ONE  
NUMBER TEN  
1898

THE ABOVE IS A REDUCED FACSIMILE OF ONE OF THE COVERS OF THE PAGE FOR 1898. THE PRICE OF A COMPLETE SET OF THE PAGE FOR 1898 IS NOW RAISED TO TWO GUINEAS, AS THERE WERE BUT 140 PRINTED, AND ONLY 10 COMPLETE SETS REMAIN. THE SET CONTAINS 70 ORIGINAL WOODCUTS BY EDWARD GORDON CRAIG, 20 OF WHICH ARE HAND COLORED. A SINGLE COPY OF THE PAGE, 1898 SERIES, WILL BE SENT ON RECEIPT OF ONE SHILLING AND TWOPENCE AS A SPECIMEN OF THE PUBLICATION.



## ❖ CONCERNING THE PAGE. ❖

### ❖ OPINIONS OF THE LONDON PRESS. ❖

THE STUDIO.—A Magazine Edited, and with the Illustrations designed, engraved, and published by one person should be a novelty worthy the attention of collectors, even were it far less intrinsically interesting than is *The Page*. The illustrations of this dainty small quarto in its brown - paper wrapper are all cut on wood by its projector, and if by the naivete of their technique they disarm criticism, the feeling and genuine originality of not a few compel not merely appreciation, but expectation that one who has done eleven numbers so well needs but more wide support to do still better. Success to *The Page* and its staff of one!

WESTMINSTER BUDGET.—No pains are spared to make the reproductions as artistically perfect as can be.

MR. CLEMENT SHORTER in THE SKETCH.—*The Page* is one of the most curious and fascinating productions I have seen. . . . It is a quite charming production, and there is a delightful woodcut in the tenth number from what is called "*The Book of Penny Toys*," an illustration in colours.

THE QUEEN.—A quaint publication. . . . A genuine wood engraving representing a gentleman in the Georgian style of dress, with full-skirted coat and high stock, by Mr. Craig is an excellent piece of drawing and execution.

THE ARTIST.—Many of the woodcuts are hand coloured, and all are interesting, and some are valuable. The book collector should secure it without delay, and he, with us, will probably wish this ambitious, fresh and unconventional *Page* every success.

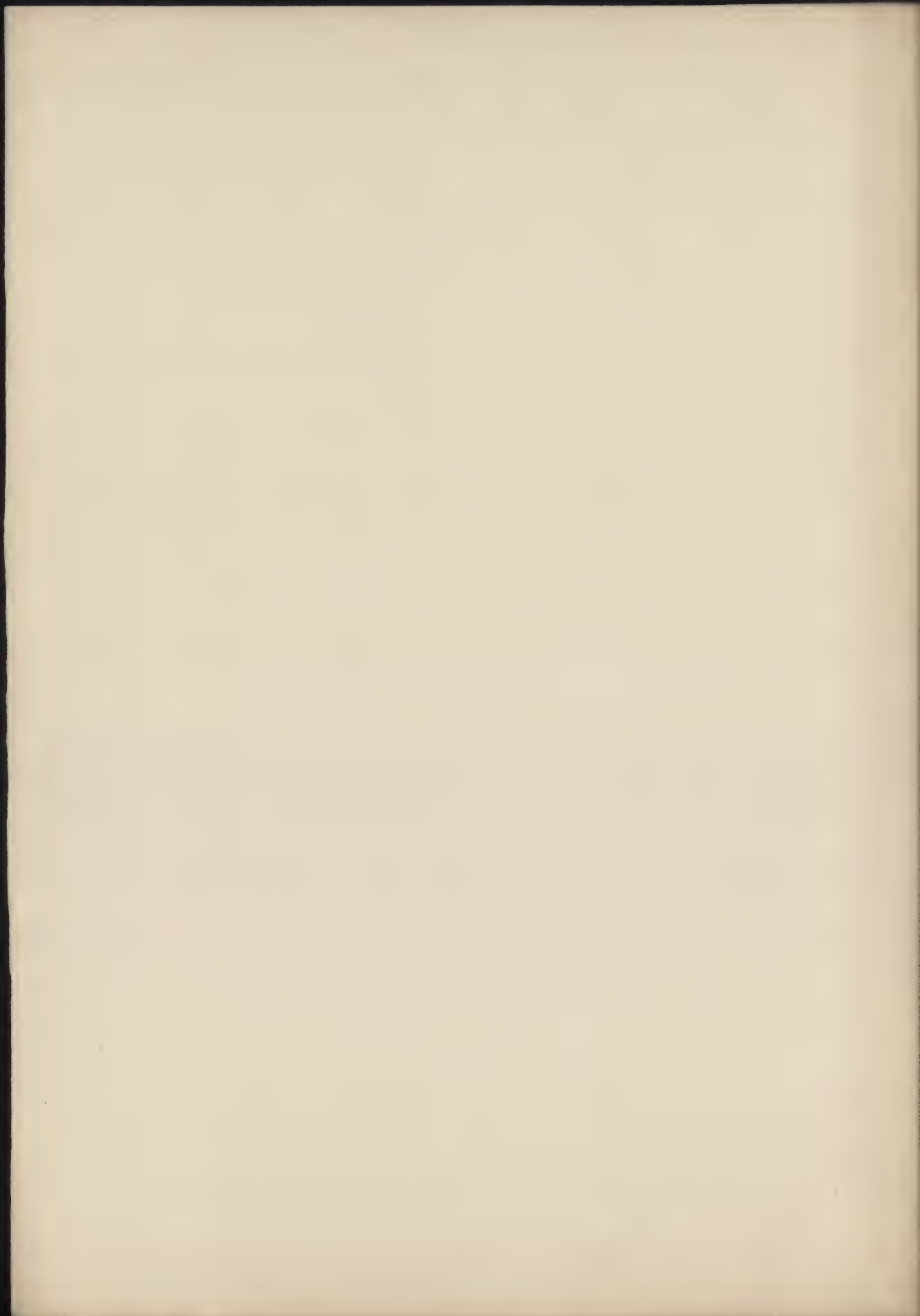
ST. PAULS.—Mr. Gordon Craig has a certain delightful quaintness, and a remarkable restraint and splendid simplicity in his little "*Ship*" Bookplate for Mr. Pryde. He has treated his work with rare reticence and breadth of handling. Is about the best Bookplate in the collection (*Studio* Winter Number), a thing conceived in the absolute and right spirit for the purpose to which it is being addressed.

THE STUDIO.—An excellent coloured woodcut of D'Artagnan, a Pierrot Poster Design, several Bookplates, a Frontispiece for Marguerite de Valois, and many others, are each worth far more than the nominal price of the Magazine.

THE DOME.—*The Page*—an imitation of nothing else in heaven or earth, or even in the place where young launchers of journalistic novelties affect to be most at home. To look at the cuts and read all the letterpress took much less than ten minutes. . . . This experiment is an unusually interesting one.

MADAME.—A Bookplate by Gordon Craig is in its way a perfect little drawing, having regard to its absolute suitability to the purpose for which it came into existence. There is something absolutely satisfying in the simplicity of this and other specimens of his work.







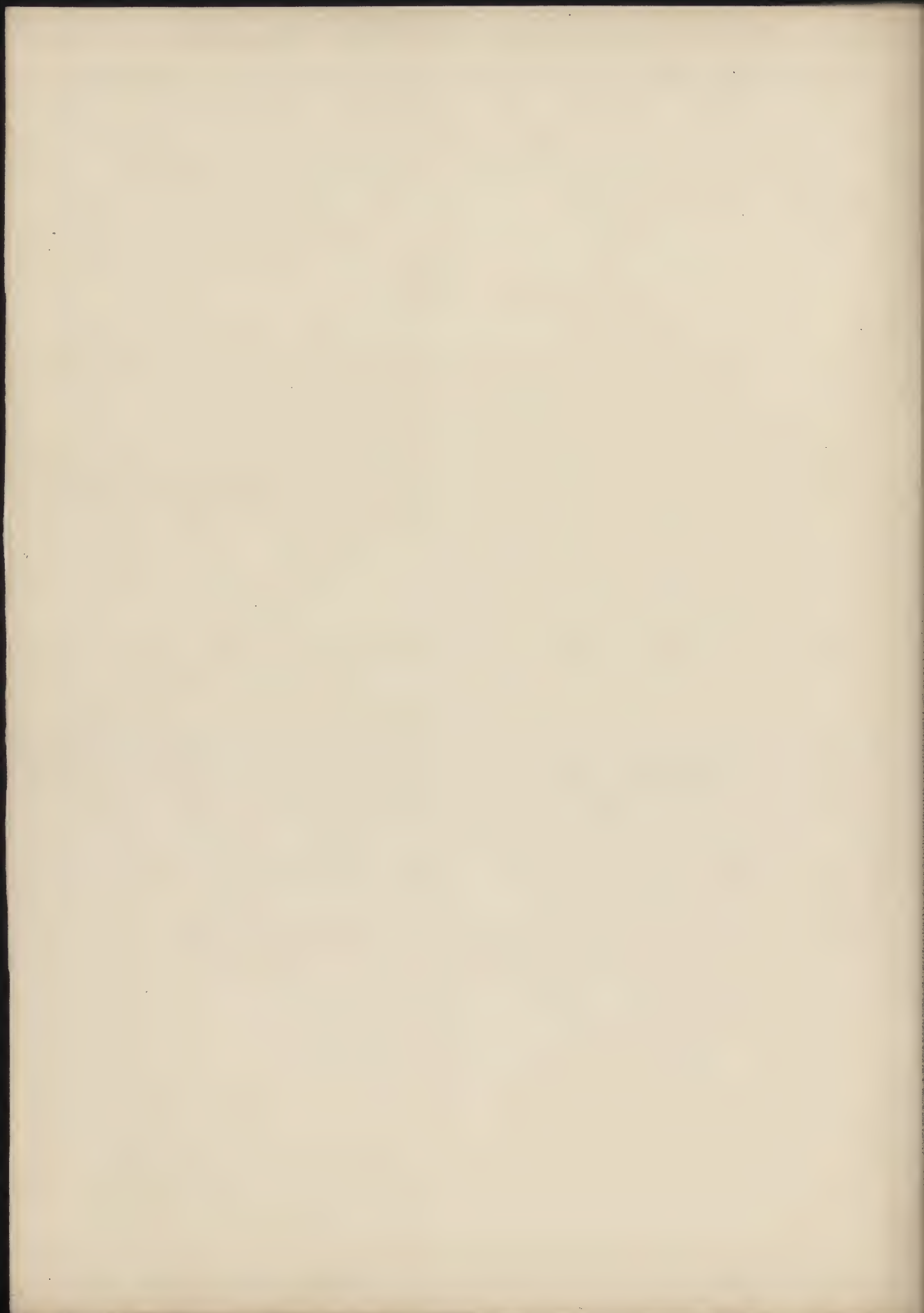
**BLACK AND WHITE.**—I have no very great love for the frail dragon-flies of the magazine world, little leaflets of strange prose, stranger verse, and stranger illustrations. But I have just come across two numbers of one that appeals to me by reason of its unpretentiousness and its really good pictures. I mean *The Page*, which is edited by Mr. Gordon Craig from his Surrey home at *The Sign of the Rose*. The salt of *The Page* is contained in the woodcuts, most, if not all, of which are cut by Mr. Craig. A few of these are executed with rare skill and a marvellous eye for effect; especially is this the case where the artist has introduced colour. D'Artagnan, the immortal Gascon, is made the subject of a study in which the only fault I can find is "too much cloak!" Chicot and Gorenflot, the jester and the fat gormandising monk, are quite splendid things in their way, but the gem of the two numbers before me is a little woodcut, entitled "Vagabonds." Here there is strength that beggars the Beggarstaff Brothers, technique and composition quite Rembrandtesque, and faithfulness extraordinary. The green cravat of the villian in the foreground supplies the one touch of colour needed to make the picture a real retiarus.

**WESTMINSTER BUDGET.**— . . . We must confess to having fallen somewhat in love with the Review copy of the *Page* sent to us. The letterpress is almost as interesting as the illustrations. There is page after page of things such as are of importance in recklessly happy Bohemia. But on Art, and its methods and difficulties and differences and other things which make for heaviness of spirit there is not a word. And this is a feature of *The Page* which we like as well as any, especially as some of them seem to be tacit suggestions for future works of art.

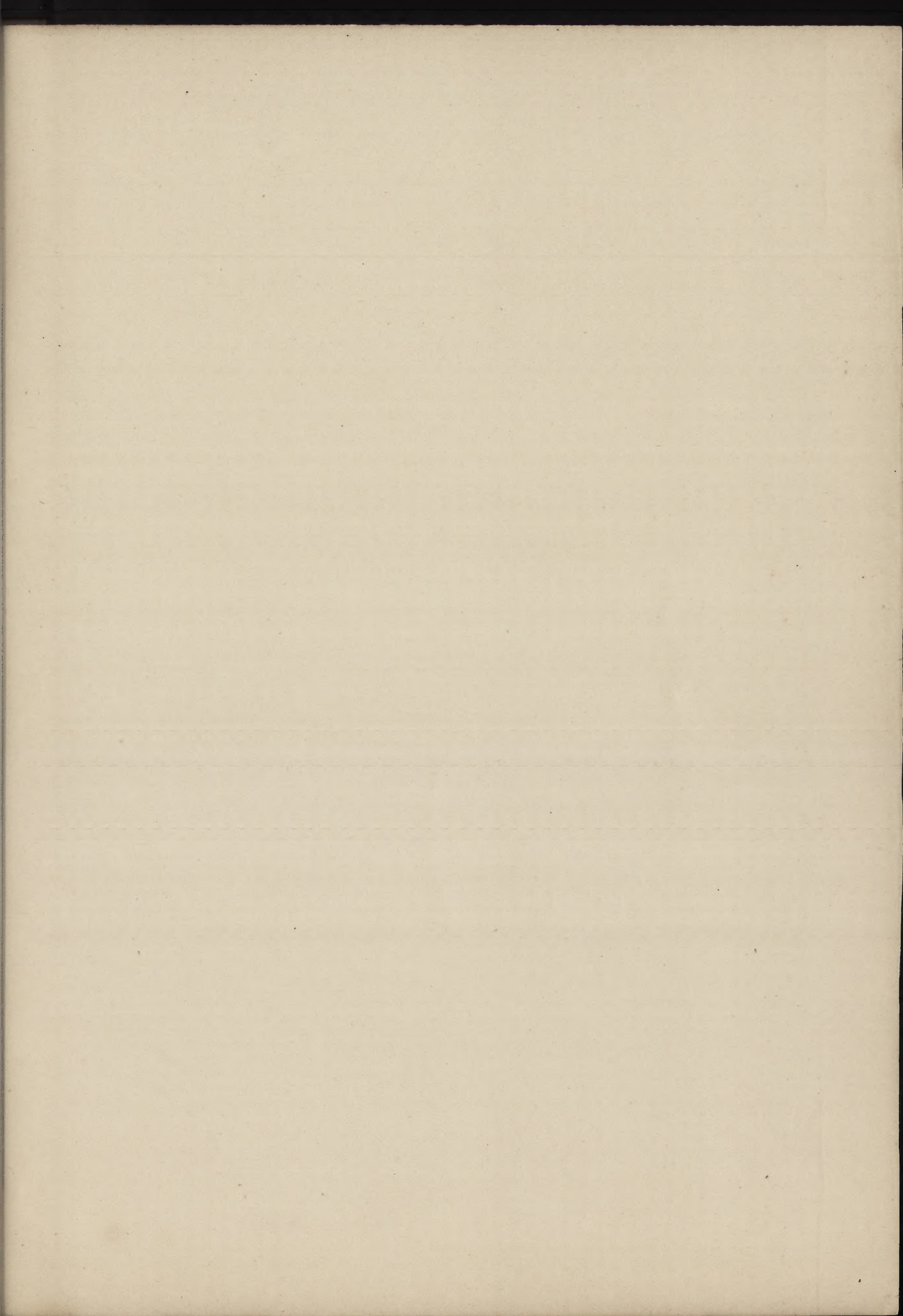
**WHITEHALL REVIEW.** . . . That delightful publication, *The Page* will, during 1899, be issued once every quarter. This will be good news to all who like something stronger than the ordinary magazine fare. . . . Contains several finely-executed woodcuts. . . . The reading matter . . . always fresh and daring.

**THE STUDIO.**—This admirable little Magazine.  

**THE WEEKLY SUN.**—The *Page* is a silly little Magazine, which repeats some of the features of the "precious" school of late years, but repeats them with so much of the ignorance and vanity of the amateur that we think it worthy of comment as marking the lowest depth to which this movement has reached, or can reach. If Mr. Gordon Craig's production increases in sale, owing to our remarks, we should not be surprised, for Carlyle's dictum as to the average capacity of our fellow countrymen "mostly" is still true, and some persons think that the best way to enjoy the arts is to go in without any knowledge or originality whatever, and buy every opusculum of this origin. But Mr. Craig must not think that his magazine makes us angry; we have enjoyed it very much. . . . The wood blocks we prefer not to examine minutely. There is a charm in the work of artists and also one in that of children but Mr. Craig is neither an artist nor a child, and why fair white paper should blush for his impertinences in line, or rather out of it, we do not see. But perhaps there is a reason in everything which happens "*ici-bas*." Mr. Gordon Craig's production completely disproves Mr. Francis Galton's theory as to heredity of genius. Mr. Gordon Craig's gifted mother should take severe and prompt measures to have him taught to draw and to parse. . . . (?)













SPECIAL 84-5  
PERIOD 1155  
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P13  
Vol. 2  
no. 1  
1899

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LIBRARY



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HACKBRIDGE, SURREY, ENGLAND.



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